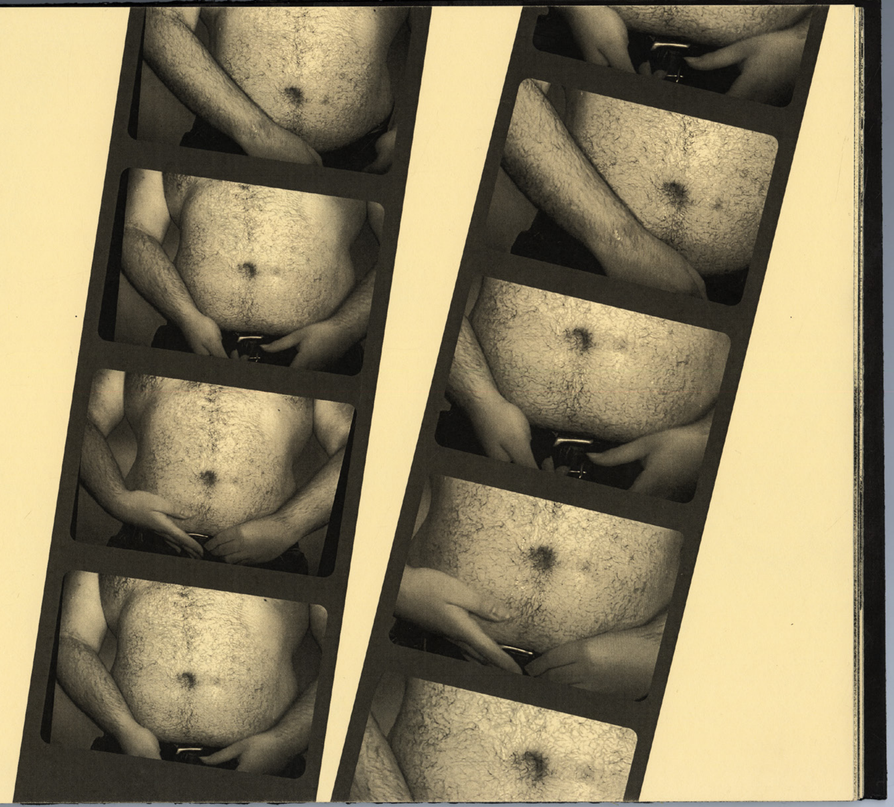
Fetish

2025 Amil.

f e t i s h

je suis prête. vous êtes prêt aussi?

je suis prête.



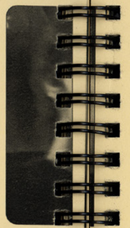
you can bite if you'd like.

this guy had messaged me and we began to talk. i soon realized that this would become a sexting session. he was very quick with it: he said he was stuffed and was stroking his dick. he believed i had done damage to my body, and that made his dick throb. he told me i was a pig and that he wanted to treat me like one. my body felt pangs and spikes of nerves and heat as i began to masturbate on the couch. "am i really into this? i suppose i am." i entertained him and i could tell i was getting him all crazy and horny. our messages slowed, and i realized that we would most likely climax at the same time. it was glorious.

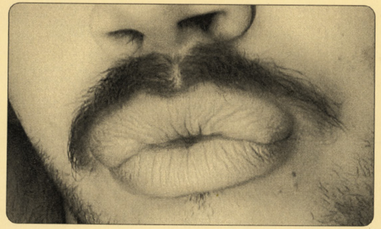
i wore my leather gloves to the bar and the men were feeling it. i went to the darkroom and this older guy came up to me. he was jerking it and had this odd expression on his face. he lifted my shirt and began to rub all over. he came in for a kiss. he was all tongue, a dog, really. just wagging it all over. he went down to my chest and began to suck on my nipples. i stroked the back of his head and his neck, the bristles of his scalp against the grain of the leather. i pushed his face into my breasts.

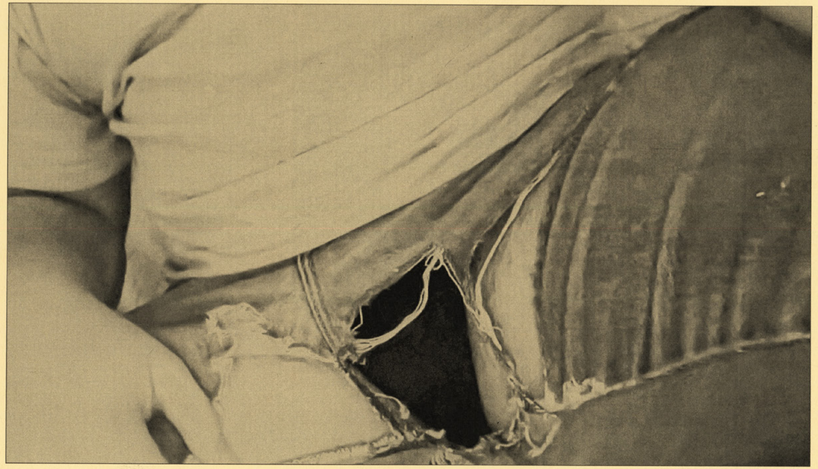
he liked that i was forcing him to do it.

i don't want you to fuck me. but i'm into this.



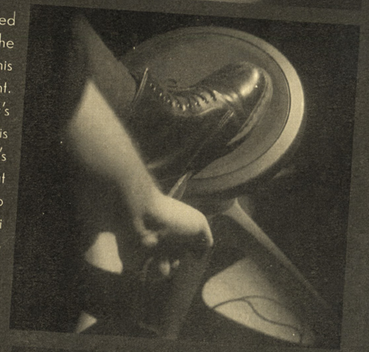
one second Kori was teasing Nick mad heavy. i turn away and look back and they're chewing each other's faces. a drag show was about to begin, but they didn't seem to care. they just went at it. i watched and watched as they kissed and kissed. i love to watch. in this scene there's lots to see. i tease them both with this video now. neither of them are ashamed or even embarrassed. thank God.





i don't know if we're in a garden...
could we be on a crowded,
crowded avenue?

i went to this after-party and met this guy named Cupcake. i had seen him earlier that night at the bar, wearing this leather pup mask and holding this cute little muscular guy kinda close and kinda tight. well, the after-party was at that cute little guy's house, and i was initially into him and one of his friends the most. everyone was laying in that guy's bed one minute. the next minute, everyone but Cupcake and i had moved to the living room to do coke, or something. we sat there and just talked. i stayed the night on the couch, falling asleep to the sound of dicks being sucked. i see Cupcake often at the bar now. he said he tells everyone about that after-party, and how i was the best part.



i got high. i felt good but i also felt frustrated. i felt so sexy but i had no one next to me to make it real. i was so horny and it was driving me mad. i looked for something to give me that sweet release but nothing did the trick. i just wanted to feel hot and high and heavy with a guy who also felt hot and high and heavy. like a hot, thick, simmering soup.

I
WANT
YOU
TO
PLAY
WITH
MY
BODY

i like how it's both stiff and fluid. it moves with you, but just enough to create some resistance. and the sound is very nice. it's crisp yet soft. it's very comforting.

Black
is when I would listen to Hejira and scratch all over my thighs.
I would lay in bed and scratch
just scratch all over
slowly.
I hated how life kept going and going
and there was something erotic and horrible
about how bad things seemed to be
how my mother might never really be happy
how I might end up covered in soil
At 20
so I scratched because
maybe God would help me
I don't know, it's been quite awhile.
I was listening to Coyote by Joni Mitchell
and I felt life build and build upon itself
like train tracks laying themselves down
along the voluptuous body of the United States.
We, or I, was drivin' and
the sun was high
and the sun was low
and the sun was gone.
Hot heat like vapor,
fuckin hot.
Chinese food and cold hotel bed-sheets
and comfort movies
and the looming threat of death.

We, or I, kept on a movin' because,
God,
nothing was gonna keep me in that house.
I put on my black shirt and my black shorts
my black socks and my black shoes
and refused to shave because
I was an idiot and
I wanted to leave the world
swiftly.
It makes life easy
it slims that fat you wanted to cut off
with the kitchen knife
it makes it easier to forget
to think
to reflect on what you might be doing to your body.
There would be a week or two between showers,
between teeth cleanings.
We, or I, was drivin' and
I wanted to lay out the window,
wind blowin' everywhere
through my imaginary hair
that feeling when Matilda
Moved in with Miss Honey.
I felt like this fat black mole
on the face of a burnt summer child.
The sunsets used to be humongous,
God,

I have never seen sunsets like that since.

Black
is when the sun drops beneath the horizon
just-like-that! And
the green lights come a poppin' up
and the scars begin to scream
beneath your sweatpants.
I used to feel, not see,
the sun go down
as my nails went down on the fat of my thighs.
It's just so strange
how easy and how beautiful
things can be,
the pink paint I had picked out,
the windows I had never closed,
the home-cooked dinner
and my love for Joni Mitchell.

And yet
life keeps doing its thing
y'all both be rolling down the hill
in all that mud
you get possessed by that fuckin' funk
and scream as you roll down
but the sun hangs high
and the sky is completely clear
and you want to turn to dust

And you sit there scratching away.
And then you're done.
And the fan just keeps on spinning.

everytime he saw me he'd stroke his hand up the length of my crotch. he'd walk away and we'd stare at each other in fascination.

i had this dream where we were high as fuck in the cold. it was snowing, like the slow comedown from a blizzard. All this tall, fresh snow everywhere. we were ahead of our friends and we tripped and fell into the snow. i was on top of him and we were laughing. we looked into each others eyes and began to kiss. our legs locked and i held him tight. the night sky was pitch black.

e m b r a s s e - m o i .

tu aimes ça?